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## POETRY.

**E**xtempore on viewing a plantation, and laying out a site for a new house, addressed to the owner, who was saanguine, and pleased with the prospect of his place, when matured by time. The line from Horace;

"Atque harum quas colis arborum," had been just quoted, of which passage these lines may be considered as a paraphrase,

**T**HROUGH many an age the groves shall rise,  
Which spring from seeds thy hand has sown;  
How long their date from fostering skies,  
How short alas thy own!  
When they shall still note every storm,  
And summer suns and vernal dew,  
No tree shall shade thy mould'ring form,  
None but the church-yaid yew.  
*Lancashire.*

**INSCRIPTION.**

*By the late Mr. Day, Author of Sandford and Merton.*

**W**HEN faithless Senates venally betray,  
When each degenerate noble is a slave,  
When Britain falls an unresisting prey,  
What part befits the generous and the brave?  
  
In yon the task to rouse my country's ire,  
And imp once more the stork's dejected wings,  
To solitude, indignant, I retire,  
And leave the world to parasites and kings.  
Not like the deer when, wearied in the race,  
Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals;  
But like the lion, when he turns the chase,  
Back on the hunter, and the valiant falls.  
Then let untam'd oppression rage aloof,  
And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed,  
To liberty I vow this humble roof,  
And he that violates its shade shall bleed.

**ON TOBACCO.**

**R**ALEIGH, whose fate both arts and arms deplore,  
First brought this social herb to Britain's shore;  
The plant he lov'd and honour'd soon became,  
A sharer in the hero's fate and fame,  
*BELFAST MAG. NO. XXVIII.*

Both underwent one kingly counterblast,  
And both in spite of envy long shall last,  
His fame, to Britons sacred as their own,  
His plant a jewel in Britannia's crown,  
But if dead kings, or grief or anguish bear,

For unjust acts of power committed here,  
The monarch, in his grave, must blush to see

**R**ALEIGH, thus, crown his whole posterity.

**CHANSON.**

**A**IMEZ les yeux noirs si tu veux  
Et leur vivacité piquante (bis).  
Je ne choisis que les bleus  
Et leur langueur intéressante (bis)  
Les yeux noirs sont jolis yeux  
Mais le plus ci sont les bleus.  
Les yeux noirs disent fierment,  
"Que J'aime ou non, Je veux qu' on m'aime",  
Les yeux bleus, disent tendrement,  
"Aimez moi J'aimeraï de même"  
Les yeux noirs sont de jolis yeux,  
Je m'cheris plus que les bleus.  
Peut-être que des enveux,  
Vous diront que je suis volage,  
Qui avant chantez les yeux bleus,  
Les yeux noirs avoient mon hommage;  
Ne craignez rien J'ai vu vos yeux,  
Je ne cherchis plus que les bleus.  
Pour jamais craindre un changement,  
La nature vous fit trop belle,  
Qui vous voit, devient inconstant;  
Qui vous aime, devient fidèle;  
Les yeux noirs sont des jolis yeux;  
Mais je n'aime plus que les bleus.

**Hasty Translation of the above.**

**Y**OU who like black eyes, pursue,  
And then piercing rays recite,  
I take more interest in the blue,  
That shed a soft and liquid light,  
Black eyes are pretty blots 'tis true,  
But my heart feels the modest blue.  
*Black eyes say, with high disdain,*  
"Love, yet never hope to move,"  
*Blue eyes whisper pleasing pain,*  
"Belov'd, we promise mutual love,"  
*Black eyes are bright, 'tis very true;*  
*Ah! how bewitching are the blue;*  
And now, perhaps, the jealous few,  
Will tell you, 'tis my fancy's flight;  
And long before I rav'd of blue,  
That black eyes were my dearest delight—  
'Twas so—but since I gaz'd on you,  
Thro' life, I love no eyes but blue.  
**Y**y